

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 4.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1837.

NUMBER 22

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
G. W. MILLETT.
TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of 6 months.
Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper is continued till all dues are paid, but at
the option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms,
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Communications, and letters on business must be
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THE BRIDE—BY MRS. ARDT.

Went her from those halls of mirth,
Her home is by a calmer hearth,
And gold and gems no longer grace
The forest's daughter of her race;
She dwells in a secluded spot,
And her vain kindred name her not,
Save to deplore in baffled pride,
The fortunes of the exiled bride.

The exquisite and tutored song,
That once entranced this radiant throng,
She murmurs now in woodland bowers,
Amid the stars, and trees, and flowers;
Yet once shall those eyes again
And I joyously the hours shall glide
O'er the fond lover and his bride.

Fair girl, rest calmly in thy lot,
Thou wert not born of fit scenes like this,
For feverish hopes, and jealous fears,
And heartless smiles, and hidden tears,
Thy gay companions in thy doom,
Think on their fading smiles and bloom,
Their feelings worn, and spirits tried,
And weep for them—your young bride.

Far from the world's deceitful maze,
Thine are calm nights, and peaceful days,
And friendship's smile, and love's caress
Hallow thy household happiness;
Then in thy guarded home remain,
We would not wish thee here again,
And ever may good angels guide
Thy ways in safety—gentle bride.

LINES.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.
Bless'd is he who ne'er repines
Against his glorious Maker's will;
Who through sickness, pain, and death,
Grounds his hope on Heaven's still;
As the sun in winter's time—
Though he cannot shine so bright
As in summer, still his rays
Send a pleasing mellow light;
So the good man's flick'ring flame,
Though his brightest glory's o'er,
Still sends forth a cheering gleam,
Which, though fainter, pleases more.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

[Translated from the French.]

"But look then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself by poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held and gravely answered his wife.

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say so one hundred times more, Rosa would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice was really very ugly, nay, almost revolting, with her little grey eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and above all a form remarkable as ugly.

Rose was then very ugly; but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart, for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation.

"Oh you little fright, you will never get a husband!"

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna!"

Trembling, the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

"This useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek. He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf; and thus worked part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother, when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow, Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes by chance glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said internally, "I am ugly; they are right;" and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world, new pangs wounded

the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age; but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now indeed our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling provocation, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight long days, Mrs. Moore was continually weeping. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why her mother was continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor; Mr. Moore was arranging the fire. When this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moments perusal, he closed it again in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms around his neck as he was about to rise, and affectionately carressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith. She then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caresses with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, might have remained to establish the peace. This was no easy matter; neither would make the first overture, and without the penetration of little Rose, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand and joined it to her father's, as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer; the alienated parents rose at the same moment, and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour, Rose was the idol of them both. Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature and intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long white banks of red; clouds more and more dark, were heaping themselves on the eastern sky; the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary; the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open might be seen gliding here and there in the darkened light groups of young females. Those white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical, whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano was repressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for her's was a celestial sympathy, a seraph's songs.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice!" and he involuntarily sighed. Suddenly lights were brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied. He closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he thought her less ugly; and Rose was indeed less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her grey eyes small as they were expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

National Characteristics.—In continuation of our remarks under this head, we shall describe two Jonathans—the elder and the younger—as the New England character has very

essentially changed since the beginning of the present century.

Jonathan the Elder is a rigid old Puritan in his religious faith and morality. He is a firm believer in the doctrines of the Scriptures, as they were interpreted by the dogmatic theologians among the pilgrim ancestors. He eschews all fashionable pleasures and amusements—and devoutly hates all Catholics, Unitarians and Infidels. He considers it of the highest importance to preserve a purity of creed, every deviation from which, he regards as a real defect, not only in his religious but in his moral character. Still he places reliance on good works as well as faith—but these good works consist chiefly of religious observances, and a few prudential virtues, such as industry and economy, which are needful for the promotion of one's personal interest. He considers his duty to his neighbor as fulfilled, if he has but exhorted him frequently with religious exhortation, how much soever he may have neglected the common obligations of benevolence and hospitality. The elder Jonathan is governed strictly and conscientiously by his principles, from which no temptation would cause him to deviate. Yet these principles, though extremely rigid and self-denying in regard to all pleasures, are extremely loose and selfish in regard to all those matters which concern his pecuniary interest. Hence, as the Frenchman unites in his character the highest degree of philosophy to an equal degree of frivolity, the elder Jonathan unites in his character the two opposite traits, of extreme puritanism in all his social intercourse, and extreme libertinism in all his commercial intercourse with his fellow men. He would be horrified at the idea of paying for attendance at the theatre, a dollar which he had, without any conscientious scruples, unjustly obtained from a customer by misrepresenting the quality of his own goods. The puritanism of his character was handed down to him from the pilgrim settlers of New England; his pecuniary libertinism was engrafted upon the former, by that horde of adventurers, who, after the pilgrims had prepared the way, fled from poverty at home, to seek—not religious freedom—but their fortunes in the New World. Hence, the elder Jonathan unites in his own person, the peculiar characteristics of these two different classes of adventurers among his ancestors. Jonathan heartily despises the frivolities of the world, which, however, tend in a great measure, to increase the happiness of social life. He neglects every thing except what he considers the useful—which consists of those religious duties which will promote one's eternal interest, on the one hand, and those selfish duties which will promote one's temporal interest, on the other. All mere pleasures and amusements he considers as great sins, or worthless dissipation. By avoiding such amusements, however, he has become extremely morose, unsocial, and ungovernable—and errs more widely in the extreme of parsimony, than those whom he condemns, err in the extreme of prodigality. With all these failings, Jonathan is a man of great force of character, and a great deal of peculiar honesty. He is faithful in his word and promises—but his generosity never leads him to promise more than his selfish interest will allow him to fulfil. Add liberality to his religious principles, benevolence to his morality, and generosity to his principles of trade, and his character would be rendered perfect.

Jonathan the Younger has nearly all the thrifty qualities of the old man, but he has not inherited his religious puritanism. He is less particular in regard to matters of faith, and he is considered by the old man as rather latitudinarian. He has left off the ancient custom of family prayer, and daily reading of the scriptures. His prejudices do not prevent him from observing Christmas; and he has none of his father's abhorrence of Catholics, Unitarians and Infidels. He does not say grace before and after meals. He has not so much reverence for the Clergy—having found out that they are not divinely inspired. But to make amends for all this falling off, in a religious respect, Jonathan the younger is far more generous in his dealings. A stranger can trade with him without any danger of purchasing wooden nutmegs or watered hay. He has adopted some light wine in the place of the run toddy which his father was accustomed to drink. The old man, however, looks upon him with great contempt—considering his fashionable dealing as a degeneracy in point of shrewdness, and his falling off in the purity of his religious creed as a taint of modern coxcombry. The younger Jonathan, too, is a reflecting man; he studies the why and wherefore—and is unwilling to take his creed from the Parson, or his politics from the Squire. He reads other books besides the Bible and the Almanac, and other newspapers, besides those denominated religious. The old man sometimes reads a lecture to his son upon his neglect of certain important religious ceremonies; but the latter retorts upon him by joking him upon some of his old tricks, when he used to peddle wooden clocks, that would only go when they were carried, and nutmegs, that were turned from the wood of the sassafras tree.

The younger Jonathan is determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age. He has stocked his farm with the best breeds of cattle and swine, and his dairy begins to rival the celebrated English dairies. He speculates in railroads and canals, and no longer runs his turnpikes over the summits of lofty mountains. In a physical respect, it must be acknowledged, that the young man is somewhat degenerated. This degeneracy has proceeded from the greater luxuriance of his habits compared with those of his ancestors. He feeds more luxuriously, and labors not so much with his hands, the resources of the country having increased, so as to render hard labor less absolutely needful. Hence, the elder Jonathan makes his boast, with some truth, that he can beat his son in lifting weights or in a wrestling match, how ever superior the latter may be in an argument. Again, the younger Jonathan pays some regard to taste as well as economy. He conforms to the rules of architecture in his buildings, and cultivates ornamental trees around his enclosures. He mingles the ornamental with the useful. He is more of an epicurean in his system of philosophy than the old man, who accuses him of living too much in conformity to the world. The truth is, he lives no more to the world than the old man but more to the enjoyment of the present. The old man is miserly and parsimonious. He would sacrifice present enjoyments for the sake of laying up an unnecessary amount of treasures. The young man has discovered truth, that were not dreamed of in the old man's philosophy—that life is worthless, except to be innocently enjoyed.—[Boston Statesman.]

PAULDING'S WORKS. Volume nine. *The Dying History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan.* By HECTOR BULL. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PAULDING is the most humorous of American authors. There runs through all his writings a vein of pure wit, intermingled with a subtle portion of keen satire on the follies of the time. The favor which was bestowed on his productions on their first appearance will be renewed at the present day, more especially as they are now brought out in so neat and attractive a style. The works of all our native authors should be collected, and published in the uniform and beautiful style in which the enterprising Harpers are issuing those of Mr. Paulding. We cannot, we are assured, better please our readers than by giving them a foretaste of the book before us. They may be induced to look farther. But to our extract.—[Maine Magazine for Dec. 1836.]

"When Corporal Smelfungus got over to Jonathan's farms, that hospitable young fellow feasted him heartily, and showed him every attention, as was his custom towards strangers of whose good word he was apt to think more than it deserved."

"But the corporal was determined beforehand to be pleased with nothing, being, as I said before, set upon undeciphering Mrs. Bull and the squire's tenantry, and rescuing them from Brother Jonathan's seductions. He maintained the former was no better than she should be, and the latter a parcel of drivellers, to think the squire could learn any thing worth knowing from such snivelling, mint-sling rum-jockey, who had no more manners than a bear, and no more morals than a pickpocket."

"He went about raking up all the old stories that had been hatched against Brother Jonathan for a hundred years past, and invented as many more as he could; but it was not a great many, being rather a dull fellow, with more ill nature than wit, and more malignity than invention. The truth is, he was not a little put to it to find matter for running down Jonathan. His tenants so well off, their rents so low, and they had such a plenty to eat and drink, that the corporal did not know exactly where to take hold of him and was obliged to turn up his nose at the merest trifles, for want of something better."

"One day, being at breakfast at a tavern, he luckily saw a mustard pot upset on the table, upon which he noted it down carefully, that Jonathan could never eat his meals without upsetting all the mustard, and did not know how to behave like a gentleman."

"The next thing he did was to find fault with the great size of Jonathan's beefsteaks, which he swore were as big as newspapers, and enough to take away a man's stomach to a look. But what was worse than all this, he had no silver forks at his table, and none but barbarians could eat without silver forks."

"Happening to see a young fellow, who was an officer in the militia, in his everyday clothes, wearing a dirk to show he was a soldier, the corporal put it down in his memorandum-book that all Jonathan's tenants wore dirks, and did not mind killing a neighbor any more than they did murdering the squire's English, as he called it. Every man he saw that had but one eye, he concluded had been gouged to a certainty; and if any one happened to ask him the hour, instead of pulling out his watch and answering him in a civil manner, he set him down as an impertinent, guessing, inquisitive Yankee, as Jonathan's tenants were commonly called. But he did not tell them so to their faces, for fear of being gouged."

"There was an old joke, got up in a good-humored way, about some of Jonathan's tenants away Down East selling wooden nutmegs, and playing other such pranks upon the people of Southland; this the corporal got hold of, for he was very industrious in picking up such things and thereupon set down the people Down East as a parcel of rogues."

"Sometimes he employed himself whole days counting how many times the people spit; at others he would stand with his watch in his hand, calculating how many minutes they were

in swallowing their dinner, and how many times they drank at their meals; or in listening to the free off-hand talk of the tenants, to find out whether they spoke good grammar; and whenever he got a chance, he would pimp into the bed-chambers, to see if they had any clean towels, combs, wash-hand basins, and other proper conveniences under the bed. Happening to find a dirty napkin one day in a miserable tavern, in a room without a comb, he snapped his fingers in triumph, and swore Jonathan's tenants did not know what clean napkins were, and combed their heads with currycombs. When he could find nothing to set him going, he scratched his pate, and passed his time grumbling about democratic licentiousness and universal suffrage. All this he called speculating, generalizing, and philosophizing."

"Having a great taste, like most of Squire Bull's tenants, for seeing people hanged, he went all through Jonathan's farms to find out a gallows, and being disappointed in his search, relieved his mortification by putting down in his memorandums that there was no such thing as punishing a criminal, and that it required great interest to get hanged there. All this time he was feasting and carousing it lustily among the tenants, who little thought they had an ill-natured, grumbling, tattling curmudgeon among them spying out their little oddities, and inventing scandals when he could not find any ready made to his hands. Once or twice, indeed, he got taken down pretty handsomely. The first time was when he attempted to walk over a dinner table, to show his breeding; and the next when he undertook to sprawl himself at full length on a sofa, among some of Jonathan's ladies. These little rubs only made him ten times more spiteful, and he paid poor Jonathan off in his memorandums."

"When he had collected together all the scandal and tittle-tattle, and pumped out of the old women all the private anecdotes they had stored up for fifty years past, he went back to Bullock Island, chuckling at his great success, and thinking to himself how he should stump Mrs. Bull and the drivellers, who had been seduced by Brother Jonathan into an admiration of his parts, and an imitation of his Yankee notions."

"Well, corporal," cried the squire, as soon as he laid his eyes on him—"well, my fine fellow, have you dished that rebellious rogue, my son Jonathan—hey, baby? come, let's see what you have got; out with it my hearty!"—and he rubbed his hands, in expectation of a high treat from the corporal's muster-roll."

"Corporal Smelfungus thereupon pulled out a whole bundle of smutty paper; for he was rather a dirty little fellow, and always carried his snuff in his breeches pocket, and began to read off what he had set down in a pompous manner, as though it had been well worth hearing, the squire all the time rubbing his hands, snapping his fingers, and drinking the corporal's health every two minutes."

"Body o' me!" he would cry out every now and then, "body o' me! what will Madam Bull say to that, and what will those great blockheads, my tenants, think of this. By cox-body, corporal, but I think this will do the business, and put an end to Master Jonathan's seductions." Then would he strut about the room, the corporal following, and ever and anon having a fling at honest Jonathan out of his memorandum. After this nothing would do but he must go to his wife and tell her all about it."

"The good lady was a little stumped at Jonathan's having no silver forks, though, for the matter of that, it was but a little while since the squire had begun to use them at great doings and holidays. All the rest of the time he kept locked up for fear his servants would steal them. I suppose. Women, I have observed, think a great deal of such matters; and the very hardest thing they can say of a man is, that he is not genteel. Men don't mind these trifles so much, except in so far as they approach to the feelings and habits of women. Mrs. Bull tho't to herself it was better to have silver forks and nothing to eat with them, than to have plenty of victuals and no silver forks. Jonathan, therefore, began rapidly to fall from her good graces."

"As the corporal proceeded to read how Jonathan swallowed his meat without chewing it, piled up his bones by the side of his plate, instead of eating them like a gentleman, and combed his hair with a currycomb, Mrs. Bull began to make wry faces; but when by way of doxology, the corporal read out in an audible voice how Jonathan cracked his eggs at the wrong end, she gave a loud shriek, and fell into the squire's arms in a fit. When she came to again, she gave the squire a hearty smack, and promised faithfully to have no more to say to a fellow that had no silver forks, and broke his eggs at the wrong end."

"By the glory of my ancestors," cried John, "but you're the man for my money, after all, corporal. What shall I do for you, my brave fellow, hey? Hum—ha—I have it. I'll make you superintendent of the Bridewell, where you shall teach the bad women to be genteel."

"The corporal kissed his hand as in duty bound."

"But, body o' me!" said the squire, after a little while; "now we've done the old woman's business, let us go and get my rascally tenants out of Jonathan's seduction."

"Accordingly, they went round among them, the corporal all the while reading out of his

16

	To travel to C. Fletcher's & home, 20 miles	2 00
" 9, & 11.	To 2 days further viewing and locating on Pet. of Cornelius Hubbard & others, 6 miles	6 00
	To travel to Jay's Meeting House and home 12 miles,	1 25
" 10th.	To 1 day viewing and locating on Pet. of John Richardson and others,	3 00
" 14, & 15th.	To 1 1/2 days viewing and adjudicating on Pet. of Joseph Harvath and others and travel to South Paris and home—35 miles.	8 10
		\$17 09
	I certify that this a/c is true as to distance, according to my best knowledge and belief, and true as to time taken by JOHN HEARSEY.	
	June 24, 1836. Sworn to before me,	
	T. J. CARTER, Co. Atty.	
County of Oxford to Job Prince, Dr.		
	For services as County Commissioner,	
1836, June 27th.	To travel to and from Bell and home on Pet. of Robert A. Chapman and others, 80 miles	8 00
	To 3 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said Pet.	15 00
September 14.	To travel from Turner to John Rolfe's in Rumford, on Pet. of Thomas Drogg and others 49 miles,	4 50
	To 3 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said Pet.	3 00
" 15th.	To travel from said Rolfe's to John. Cole's in Woodstock, on Pet. of Otis C. Bolster and others, 11 miles,	1 10
	To 3 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said Pet.—adjudged	12 00
" 19.	To travel from Woodstock to Paris and back on Pet. of John Butterfield and others 20 miles, 2 00	2 00
	To travel on said Pet. to John C. Bolster	13 00
	To 3 1/2 days locating on Pet. of Otis C. Bolster and others, from Lazarus Hathaway's home, 28 miles	2 00
" 23.	To travel from Turner to Wm. Sparrow's in Hartford on Pet. Ebenezer Washburn, Jun. and others, 77 miles,	1 70
	To 3 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said Pet.	1 00
Oct. 1st.	To travel from Hartford to Jay on Pet. of Nathan Crafts and others, 11 miles,	1 10
	To 3 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating on said Pet.	9 00
" 5.	To travel from Jay to Weld on Pet. of Daniel Stoughton and others 16 miles,	1 00
	To travel from Weld to Paris to complete the	

Location on return to C. C. Hooper & others,	\$400
To 2 days completing said location	6 00
To travel home, 20 miles,	2 00
To 3 days making reports and plans,	9 00
	\$101.40

The foregoing account is true, as to time and distance charged, according to my best knowledge and belief.

Oxford, ss.—Oct. 28, 1836. Sworn before me,		JOSEPH PRINCE,	
		T. J. CARTER, Co. Atty.	
County of Oxford to Abel Gibson, Dr.			
1836.	To travel from Brownfield to Bethel Hill on Pet of Robert A. Chapman and others 55 miles,		3 00
July 21.	To 5 days attendance on Capt. Cole's Pet.		15 00
	To travel from Walker's Mills in Greenwood home on said Pet, 41 miles,		4 10
	To travel from Brownfield to John Rolfe's in Randolph on Pet. of Thomas Bragg and others 65 miles,		6 50
Sept. 14.	To 1 days attendance on said Pet.		3 00
	To travel from John Rolfe's in Randolph to Capt. Cole's in Woodstock, on Pet. of Otis C. Butler and others, 11 miles,		1 10
Sept. 28th.	To 10 1/2 days attendance on said Pet.		31 50
	To travel from Paris to Brownfield twice 72 ma.		7 20
	To travel from Jos. Whitman's in Woodstock to John Butterfield in Paris, on Pet. of John Butterfield and others; and back to Capt. Cole's in Woodstock, 20 miles,		2 00
19th.	To 1 days attendance on said Pet.		3 00
	To travel from Brownfield to Wm. Sparrow's in Hartford on Pet. of Ebenezer Washburn, and others, 51 miles,		5 10
20th.	To 1 days attendance on said Pet.		3 00
	To travel from Wm. Sparrow's in Hartford to Thomas Winslow's in Paris, on Pet. of Nathan Chapman and others 12 miles,		1 10
Oct. 21.	To 3 days attendance on said Pet.		9 00
" 6th.	To travel from July 14th to James Browne in Ald and back to Paris on Pet. of Daniel Houghton and others, 60 miles,		6 00
			\$89.50
The foregoing account is true as to time and distance charged according to my best knowledge and belief.			
		ABEL GIBSON,	
Oxford, ss.—Oct. 28, 1836. Sworn before me,		T. J. CARTER, Co. Atty.	
The County of Oxford to John Hensley, Jr.			
For services as County Commissioner.			
1836, June 24th.	To travel to Bethel Hill and home on the Pet. of Robert A. Chapman and others, 76 miles,		7 60
Sept. 15th.	To 5 days viewing & hearing road on the same Pet. to travel to John Rolfe's in Randolph on Pet. of Thomas Bragg and others, 25 miles,		2 50
" 15th.	To 5 days viewing & hearing road on the same Pet. to travel from John Rolfe's to Capt. Cole's in Woodstock, 11 miles, on Pet. of Otis C. Butler and others,		3 00
	To viewing and hearing a part of the way on the same, and further to travel on Pet. of R. A. Chapman and others, 53 days,		1 10
" 19th.	To travel on Petition of John Butterfield &		25 50

others from Wausau to Paris and back	20	
miles,		2 00
To 1 day locating on the same,		3 00
" 24th. To travel from Penley's in Paris home, 22		
miles,		2 20
" 30th. To travel to Wm Sparrow's in Hartford		
and home on Fst. of Ebenezer Westburn, Jun		
and others, 10 miles,		2 00

To 1 day viewing, starting on the same	1 00
Oct. 21st. To traverse John M. H. twice and leave on	1 00
at 2 o'clock Nathan Crafts & others 18 mrs	1 50
On 2 days viewing and hearing on the same	6 00
24th To traverse John M. H. twice and leave on	1 00
at 2 o'clock Nathan Crafts & others 18 mrs	6 00
26th To finish the location on pt. of Bolton	2 00
& others 2 1/2 days	7 50
To travel from South Paris horse 22 miles,	2 20
	\$29.70

The foregoing amount is true, as to time and distance charged—according to my best knowledge and belief.

JOHN HEARSEY.
Oxford, 22nd—Oct. 23, 1836. Sworn to before me,
T. J. CARTER, Co. Atty.

Oxford, ss: County Commissioner's Court.

June Term, A. D. 1836.

John Perry, travel 40 miles, \$4, attendance 3 days, \$9, 13.00
Alah Gibson, " 50 " \$9 " 3 " 89, 18.00
John Hearsey, " 40 " \$9 " 3 " 89, 13.00

October Term, A. D. 1836.

John Perry, travel 40 miles, \$4, attendance 4 days, \$12, \$16.
Alah Gibson, " 50 " \$9 " 3 " 89, 18.00
John Hearsey, " 40 " \$9 " 3 " 89, 13.00

The foregoing accounts were severally examined, audited, and approved by the undersigned Justices of the Peace, agreeably to the Statute, and are truly correct.

R. R. GODDENSEN, Clerk.

CLERK'S OFFICE,
Ca of Oxford, Dec. 20, 1836. }

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:

WHEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Sale at the Inn of Dennis Hayes, at Orange's Mills in Oxford, in the county of Oxford, on Wednesday the first day of February next, at 1 o'clock in P. M., all the right, title, and interest which JACOB D. BROWN had on the fourteenth day of December A. D. 1835, in and to all real Estate situated in the town of Oxford, viz:—The lands parcelled out of the lots of the late Andrew Craigie, Esq. which premises are particularly described in two Deeds from Jacob D. Brown to Fm. B. Abbot, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Vol. 40, Pages 423—427—428—429, and 430, to which record reference is made for a more particular description. The same then being under Mortgage to John Foster & als.—The said right, title, and interest, having been attached on the fourteenth day of December last.

JOHN J. FERRY, Dept. Sh. &c.

Nov. 25th, 1836, 319

THE BEST LITERARY PRODUCTIONS
OF THE FIRST WRITERS OF
THE DAY.

The work commenced with
T PETERSBURGH, CONSTANTINO-
PLE AND NAPOLI DI ROMANZ.
BY BARON VON JEFFER.
which may be had complete, either in numbers, or nearly
bound, forming volume one of Foster's Cabinet

and, on the part of the reading public, the literary matter of general domination than the new works of fiction, which are presented so prodigally disseminated among them, and for books which still have a higher aim than the mere amusement and gratification of the idle; he feels assured also that with a moderate degree of care and research, selections may easily be made among the literature of the day, which shall not be deficient in

epoch and conflict term, a series of postulations that should be useful as a primary object, but rational amusement in the power of their construction. By issuing a small portion at a time and in frequent succession, he conceived that he should reach the generality of his readers—not the sickens or the literatures, of course—to keep up with the publication, and not allow their reading to run in arrears. By a well timed and well chosen review of each new work, he hoped to keep the public

Were Constable's *Miscellany* current in the United States would the publisher of the present series would not have found expedient to commence the latter work. But, be it remembered that in speaking of the cheapness of Constable it is but *relatively*—as compared with the publications in Great Britain the *only*—which is drawn there, the *only*—

The works collected into Foster's Cabinet Miscellany, will be every range of polite literature. It is intended to suit, as far as possible, every taste, and by an agreeable variety of

all that is valuable in modern literature; it will assuredly be
medium of introducing works which would hardly find their
to the American public generally, through any other source.
I will press at them at prices varying from one fourth to one
fifth and in some cases even one-eighth of the English cost;—
in the execution, it is hoped, will meet with general approval.

6. The Metropolitan Magazine.

The extensive circulation of the original editions of these old published works have attained in Europe, and the reprints in the United States, sufficiently evinces the estimation in which they are held by the reading public of all countries, and renders argument, with respect to their literary character, uncalled for, the most of the Spectator had said.

For Blackwood's Magazine, per annum,	\$5 00
Metropolitan,	4 00
Blackwood and Metropolitan,	8 00

For the four Reviews Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, \$16 per annum.

If Country subscribers should forward a year's subscription advance, or a city reference.

Contributions to these columns, will be entitled to either a copy of the Cabinet Miscellany for one year, or some other work of equal amount, at the option of the subscriber—and it is particularly requested, to save expense of postage, that one number of each paper as may contain either the advertisement or paragraph relating to the work may be forwarded.

13

T. F.

W. F. VETTER,
500 LAMBS' PELTS, for which cash and the
highest price will be paid by

Ladies American Magazine.
Proprietor of the Lady's Book, grateful for the unceasing patronage which he has received, announces to the Ladies who have generously sustained their name to Book II. that he

over the judicious management of Mrs. Hale, the Lady's will not only maintain the excellent character it has acquired, but it is confidently expected that it will be rendered eminently worthy of the support of those to whose taste & amusement it has been, & will continue to be, devoted. The superior talents and fine taste of the Editor

Proprietor of the Lady's Book is determined to use every effort to maintain the superiority which his publication has acquired. For years he has gone steadily on in the course of improvement, and he flatters himself that his facilities are such as to give his work eminent advantages over his competitors. His ample subscription list enables him to be liberal in his

colored plate, illustrating the prevailing fashion, will be added. Other embellishments, calculated to enhance the value and increase the value of the work, will be introduced. Generally, everything will be done that the most enterprising of making the Lady's Book pre-eminently entitled to command can suggest. With the experience he has acquired in a long course of years devoted to the business, the Editor

Book and Bulwer's Novels, for	5
Book and Maryatt's Novels, for	5
Book and Murray's Novels, 17 in all	5
Book of Murray's Novels and Saunders' Novels	5

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The first week of January 1837, issue a huge sheet of the size of the largest newspapers of America, but on superior paper, also *filled with books of the newest and most enterprising*, though in their several departments of Novels, Tales, Voyages, Travels, &c., select in character joined with reading such as usually should

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Hymns—Life of Gen. Putnam—Book of the
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travel six miles over a very bad and hilly road to town meetings, trainings, &c. that they form one district with about ten scholars, consequently derive benefit from schooling.—They further repute that they are situated but about three miles from the place of public business in the town of Sweden, and that from a school house in said town

STATE OF MAINE.
IN SENATE, February 19, 1830
The Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That the petition-
ers be and they are, to send an attested copy of their Petition, with this or-
der, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, a
newspaper published in Paris, three weeks successively

Copy—Attest,
JONAS CILLEY, Speaker.
WILLIAM TRAFTON, Secretary of the Senate,
FOR SALE,
the subscriber, one Share in the Norway Social